

# JERU THE DAMAYA



The Sun  
Rises  
in the  
East.

## JERU THE DAMAJA – D. ORIGINAL LYRICS

dirty rotten scoundrel, that's what i'm called, on the street  
could connive and cheat but rarely get beat  
ya see i'm streetwise, a con-game pro  
kickin' the bobby bullsh-t, too smart for willie bobo

not stressin' five-o, hot hand in celo  
live in the land of crooks yes brooklyn's the borough  
homicide central, east new york  
where the manic, depressive psycho murderers stalk

walk, like a ninja, on the asphalt  
here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk  
and there's more hard times, than on good times  
and most n-gg-z dedicate their life to crime

so i'm steady schemin', won't work for a dime  
used to get, tax free loot, all the time  
type slick can't fess on 'ru, because

before trains were graffiti proof i used to get loose  
dirty rotten since the days of the deuce  
dirty, because of the skin i'm in  
the fact i have melanin automatically makes me a felon

even though i'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin'  
but i'm not chain-sn-tchin', or drug-sellin'  
according to your books you said i would be d-mned like ham  
scoundrel opposite of the king that i am

but wanna get funny, we can get b-mmy  
take you to the east and back again money  
filthy purified trick, step past your sister  
challenge the damaja, and you'll be history

mortal kombat fatality, the original don't sing no r and b  
nasty mc deity  
chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal  
gland, as i expand, you know who i am

father of all stylin', i be whylin' on wax  
we hack sh-t up like big ax and little ax  
don't need tokes to make you jump like bungee  
tracks real muddy, like brooklyn's real grungy

when i come through i clog up your sewer  
peep the maneuver, drop the ill manure  
so bring mr. clean, drano, and roto rooter  
no matter what you do, you can't get through the

crud that comes out of your system  
you're another victim, of dirty rotten  
dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do  
but pay homage to

## **JERU THE DAMAJA – BROOKLYN TOOK IT LYRICS**

ah check it out, check it out yo  
ah check it out, check it out yo  
ah check it out, check it out yo  
ah check it out, check it out yo

here's the remedy, for all your cornball raps  
brooklyn's back on the map, i'm not bragging  
defeating all foes, bring your styles  
i stomp out the last dragon

grand groove, grandmaster, like back in the days  
holding my own on the street and the microphone  
you can't rip it, i grip it and flip it  
trip it down memory lane, back to the park jams

we used to spark jams, now n-gg-s get jammed  
or should i say jelly?  
my vocals rip through your pelle pelle  
you can't see me so you can't hit me

you ace deuce tre, i four five six and trips  
drums numb your ears, rhymes swell up your lips  
chicks gravitate towards the crooked  
if your props are gone, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it

mindcrusher, spinecrusher, brooklyn been banging  
making noise from the us to russia  
couldn't set it, even if you wanted  
so many bodies on my microphone, the sh-t's haunted

doggonit, your girl's on it  
record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc  
building, destroying, deploying  
my rhymes on beats strategically i melt any mc

i repre, aw f-ck it, don't even need to say it  
you know the time when i start to saute it  
so n-gg-s be having mad maws and sh-t  
'cause brooklyn stole the show like a grand larcenist

but ease up off us or you'll need officers  
we're deadly, there's no cure  
boom bang 'em on down, treat compet-tion like clowns  
crooklyn, crooklyn, from town to town  
serve your girl b-tt naked, if she's gone, who took it?

brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it

this one is for brooklyn, land of crooks, home of my game  
try to front and we retire, mc's set 'em all on fire  
scooping up the fly ladies 'round my microphone like a mercedes  
if i was a video game you couldn't play me

so keep it moving, don't play yourself  
your rhymes are [unverified] sinna raffin' [unverified], mine quite graffing  
switch up, change up, brooklyn still gets biz  
plop plop, fizz fizz like alka-seltzer

try to freak it, wind up in a homeless shelter  
cause f-ck what you heard, this is crooklyn's casa  
try to see us, and it's an mc m-ssacre  
when we step, your state we shook it  
if it's gone, no doubt, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it  
brooklyn keeps on taking it

## JERU THE DAMAJA – PERVERTED MONKS IN THA HOUSE (THEME)

Production by Jeru the Damaja & DJ Premier]

[Jeru the Damaja]

One two, one two

It's time for the sun toucher

Jeru the Damaja, the original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel

You know what i'm saying?

And we be on the microphone doing lyrical Kung-Fu

Any man who dare's challenge us will be destroyed

You know what i'm saying?

The perverted Monks in tha house!

The poisonous, taking over..know what i'm saying

Any man,any man

No matter who he be, come step to us

Get done in

We have it locked down

We've studied the manuscript for year's and year's and year's

You can't deal with it, there's nothing you can do

## JERU THE DAMAJA – MENTAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra

yo afu (yo wh-ssup?)

yo yo, c'mere c'mere

yo let's freak that rhyme we was freakin the other night

(yo i'm wit it yo just set it off)

i'm sayin though, after this, it's no turnin back 'fu

(aiyyo just set it off man)

pugilistic linguistics, check out the mystics, we're fantistic

you mean fantastic

f-ck it, you'll get your -ss kicked

challenge my verbal gymnastics

vanacrobatics

vocabulary calisthenics

can't understand the mathematics are esoteric

watch the style but also peep the lyrics, my lightning, my thunder

way back i stomped out her-cu-les

but now i stomp out mc's

can't chill, because the sun don't freeze

heavy metal, hard like t-taniam

alchemist, i turn wax into platinum

[afu ra]

influential, scientifical power

my mental violence will shower

devour at a crazy rate, i speed into your circuits

and incorporatin data banks

stamina, in the brain is how i slay it

i enforce my boss and i always must obey it

endorsing a central rhyme of remedies

against any man at arms that can get with thee

eternal, internal, alchemist, i spill

logic and science ever since

throwing cerebral blows without my fist

poisonous, taoist

don't mess with toys in this racket

terrorists don't proceed to hi-jack it

[jeru]

it's too perverted, you heard it, so now you get murdered

test the sound system, it throws off your equilibrium

deep concentration can't fracture the meditation

compet-tion is flipped on at random

deviant monks attack the mic is mental pandemonium

and then some, you go for your hand gun

psychokinetic forces proceed to smash in your cerebellum  
phonetian with more stamina than a christian  
my mind, c3 h5 n3 o9 like nitroglycerine  
i bust as afu ra crush  
cl-ss with us and meet cerebus  
[afu-ra]  
ready, ridiculous rabbitry, as i commence  
i whirlwind through cities  
breaking down substances, combining matter  
test my hand skills and back bones splatter  
rough and tough although the mental will stomp ya  
pugilism electrocute like blanka  
collaborate, all my words into verses  
i instill the will without even curses  
slurs, escapade off the beat  
totally complete with the unique physique  
microcosmic warrior, indeed i'll destroy ya  
and this mic, i'm taking over

## JERU THE DAMAJA – DA BICHEZ LYRICS

i'm not talking about the queens

but the b-tches

not the sisters, the b-tches

not the young ladies, the b-tches

the b-tches, the b-tches

now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt

you can tell who's who by the things they want

most chicks want minks, diamonds, a benz

spend up all your ends probably f-ck your friends

high-post att-tudes, real rude with fat -sses

think that the p-ssy is made out of gold

try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood

they be givin' up s-x for goods

dealin' with b-tches is the same old song

they only want you 'til someone richer comes along

don't get me wrong, strong black women

i know who's who so due respect i'm givin'

while queens stand by you and stick around

b-tches suck you dry and push you down

so it's my duty to address this vampire's

givin' the black man stress

recognize what's real and not material

or burn in h-ll, chasin' polo and guess, dumb b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens

but the b-tches

not the sisters, the b-tches

not the young ladies, the b-tches

the b-tches, the b-tches

my man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'

i knew her style that's why i'm vegetarian

i told him she was out to get what she could get

he didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

made the p-ssy do tricks then she sucked his d-ck

he got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent

black widow, she even killed dead presidents

that he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

i body slam her but i'm not a misogynist  
when i see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me p-ssed  
cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress  
the way my man went out you'd think she was a pimp stress

b-tches come my way, i make 'em hop  
'cause i'm hip to the game  
i'm not a slave so i don't get p-ssy-whipped  
bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches  
f-ckin' around with those b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens  
but the b-tches  
not the sisters, the b-tches  
not the young ladies, the b-tches  
the b-tches, the b-tches

since i've been club-hoppin', you've been ho-hoppin'  
you've seen them pop up in every spot that i'm in  
any n-gg- with a record could get your b-tt naked  
so your man got a lex'[unverified]  
you live in the projects

tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest  
your -ss ain't the fattest  
f-ck around, play yourself and get dissed  
i know your status, you can't touch my status

deep down you want this  
dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this  
poppin' that coochie for gucci  
b-tches like you ain't sh-t to me

and don't talk about r e s p e c t  
'cause i treat my black sisters like royalty  
now go in peace, don't make me get raw  
and treat you like the harlot that you are filthy b-tches

## JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness

guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light

guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?

guy 2: it's a supernova

guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole

guy 2: yo! yo!

guy 1: yo!

1 + 2: yo it's. it's. it's?!

(the prophet)

i, leap over lies in a single bound

(who are you?) the black prophet

one day i got struck by knowledge of self

it gave me super-scientifical powers

now i, run through the ghetto

battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance

he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth

he feared this day would come

i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away

because he has an army, they always give me trouble

mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me

they think they got me

but i use my super-science and i twist all three

i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me

i dip, do a backflip

then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks

ignorance hates when i drop it

but no matter, what he do. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)

yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick

yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)

word, he down there buggin

he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else.

(the prophet)

let's continue the saga, mad mad drama

i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at

i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"

he had babies havin babies – and young n-gg-z sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up

i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant  
aight baby show me the exact spot  
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot  
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed  
my seventh sense senses danger  
i turn around, it's anger  
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song  
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness  
i don't know what they think this is  
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram  
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum  
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped  
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop  
trapped in the barber's chair  
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair  
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)

yo prophet!

ignorance is tired of you followin him around  
we about to put an end to that right now  
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)

a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise  
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys  
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;  
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit.  
but enough talk; now for your hair cut."  
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up  
after the explosion there was no one left  
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death  
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue  
ignorance is at the library  
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash  
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'  
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off  
d-mn, another trap  
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell  
i gasp, i can't breathe  
ignorance is laughin at me  
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself

oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing

i have others

hahahahahaha... hahahahaha. hahahahahah...

"the saga continues!"

## JERU THE DAMAJA – AIN'T THE DEVIL HAPPY LYRICS

[intro:]

now i don't be foolin' around, i tell the truth. nothing's secret

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

as devils search for the secrets to immortality  
i alter my physical chemistry  
walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
i exist even when no things are left  
vibrations transcend sp-ce and time  
pure at heart because i deal with the mind  
that's why i compose these verses  
audible worlds, my thoughts are now universes  
written on these pages is the ageless wisdom of the sages  
ignorance is contagious  
so i hope you keep your focus  
there's no hocus-pocus, in the end it's just us  
devil got brother k!llin brother, it's insane  
goin out like abel and cain  
wisen up and use your brain  
there'll be no limit, to the things that you can gain  
in positivity, balance it with negativity  
until then, ain't the devil happy

[[hook]]

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

i hate when the devil's happy, so i wear my hair nappy  
knotty, won't go out like john gotti  
he came from the caves to destroy everybody  
and we like fools destroy our own bodies  
too many n-ggas chilling, bad boys boom boom  
this leaves no room for the flowers to bloom  
seeds blow in the wind, another drug k!lling  
what are we accomplishing? nothing  
what's the matter?  
why everytime i look around another brain gets splattered?  
some pockets get fatter but it don't matter  
the devil's the only one who really gets fatter  
lead ruptures flesh, spleens are shattered  
dreams are shattered, another queen without a king  
what will our children become without proper guidance?  
probably nothing, so ain't the devil happy

[hook]

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

n-ggas are in a state of nothingness  
hopelessness, lifelessness  
if you're in range, i hope you hear this  
and try to change this 'cause it's disastrous  
who gets the most loot? who gets bust?  
dollar bill y'all is the god we trust  
the days blow by like dust, even men of steel rust  
we're out here acting ridiculous, when only we can save us  
mentally enslave us for little or nothing, k!ll our neighbors  
animalistic, cannibalistic behavior  
look to the sky for your savior  
he won't save ya, he didn't save your forefathers  
why bother, brothers?  
you must discover the power of self  
know thyself or find thyself  
hating thyself, k!lling thyself  
while he collects the wealth that you sit back and murder for  
ain't the devil happy?

[hook]

## **JERU THE DAMAJA – MY MIND SPRAY LYRICS**

-premier cuts and scratches jeru saying “my mind spray” for four bars-

i annihilate, as i articulate  
words of power, your ryhmes are unconfounding so death's your fate  
ostentatious genius, of rappin  
is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that's what's happenin  
proficiency and ingenuity  
plus more styles, than a shaolin mon-es-tary  
in poetry my formula's deadly  
bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty  
slow like demise i crept on those that slept  
droppin my ryhme science like i'm imhotep  
application of mind over matter  
made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter  
your girl bend over and over and over  
mc's try to touch the damaja but you just can't win  
excellent with the word play, you lay  
face down, when my, mind spray

-premier does his thing again like only primo can-

thunder on your dome with no help from mad max  
lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks  
we b-by-traps, all our inventions  
we know the intentions of mc kleptomaniacs  
rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack  
when it comes to ryhmin i slam harder than shaq  
accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an almanac  
keep you up like an afrodesiac  
idealist not an opportunist  
don't molest no shorty still in all, i'm dangerous  
mentally you can't talk to me, hear me, or see me  
you're not equipped  
from, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock  
do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox  
jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker  
if your honey's a queen i'll s-x her  
more important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes  
a priest by may  
you reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

-primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry-

j-e, rrrah-you it's a horror to you  
lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu  
dirty, down low profile  
shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles  
style's ridiculous, techniques infamous  
take more heads than santa claus at christmas  
science misfits, meet the rath of my wit  
immediately following, they go into a conniption fit  
reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an arsonist  
blow up like a terrorist  
i'm not a s-xist don't have the power to be a racist  
i'm a scientist, and an activist  
complex yeah simple like mixelplics  
unlike the silly devil, i don't come with tricks/trix  
so out there to all you mc's return to the righteous way  
or meet death face to face when my, mind spray

-primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision-

## JERU THE DAMAJA – COME CLEAN LYRICS

you wanna front what? jump up and get bucked  
if you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck  
i sn-tch fake gangsta mc's and make 'em f-got flambes  
your nine spray my mind spray

malignant mist steadily pumps the funk  
the results you're a gang stuffed in a car trunk  
you couldn't come to the jungles of the east poppin' that game  
you won't survive get live catchin' wreck is our thing

i don't gang bang or shoot out bang, bang  
the relentless lyrics the only dope i slang  
i'm a true master you can check my credentials  
'cuz i choose to use my infinite potentials

got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow  
control the mic like fidel castro locked cuba  
so deep that you can scuba dive my jive  
origin is unknown like the judas

i've acc-mulated honies all across the map  
'cuz i'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in  
ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac  
i'm the mack so i don't need to tote a mac

my attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate  
it's meant to wake ya up out of ya brainwashed state  
stagnate nonsense but if you persist  
you'll get ya snot box bust you press up on this

i flip hoes dip none of the real n-gg-s slip  
you don't know enough math to count the mics that i ripped  
keep the dirty rotten scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

real rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget  
every time i pick up the microphone i drug it  
unplug it on chumps with the gangsta babble  
leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle

you're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin' nothing  
that's why you got snuffed when you b-mp heads with dirty rotten  
have you forgotten, i'll tap you jaw  
i also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw

made frauds bleed every time i g'd  
'cuz i've perfected my drunken style like sam seed  
pseudo psychos i play like michael  
jackson when i'm bustin' -ss and breakin' backs

inhale the petrified aroma  
breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma  
toes the king i'm hard like a fifth of vodka  
and bring your clique 'cuz i'm a hard rock knock a

i gotcha, out on a limb i'm about to push you off the brink  
let you draw your craw but you burnin' shot breaks  
when the east is in the house you should come equipped

fly like a jet sting like a h-rnet  
knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it  
dirty rotten scoundrels is crushin' fools no joke  
with styles more fatal than second hand smoke

don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor  
'cuz i blow up spots like the world trade center  
come with the super trooper on his -ssault mission  
the tench's technique 'cuz he's a technician

wishin' he'll go away won't help the weapons stop  
the skills are shot 'cuz any idiot can let off a glock  
hard rock smellin' the clutch of this untouchable  
you claim you got beef on the streets so whatcha

gonna do when real n-gg-z roll up on you  
and you don't got your crew  
pull your glock but you don't got the heart  
you was webbed straight from the start

bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it  
got lost in brooklyn so you had to lose it  
just for frontin' you got that -ss waxed

## **JERU THE DAMAJA – JUNGLE MUSIC LYRICS**

it started on the sands of land of the mother  
word to mother, king like my father  
my style survived slave ships, whips and chains, hardships  
still through all this the praise roll off my lips

bring your guns, chains and tone force your religion  
on me cut my hair, the vibes still exist  
to destroy the molesters of my heritage  
but they conceal the drums of evil, my loyal lineage

king of kings, god of gods  
like my ancestors drums i beat the odds  
more mics killed than slaves during the middle p-ssages  
who rapes and ravages and calls us savage?

jungle bunny, i'm not mo' funny, i'm mo' deadly  
they know one day we'll learn how to use it  
that's why they fear our jungle music  
(in the jungle)

we went from pyramids to the ghetto  
still my sounds make devils tumble like the walls of jericho  
chant my paower to devour all the snakes and rats  
extrasensory perception to avoid all traps

make a joyful noise unto the lord  
in the sanquary of your caves white kids press record  
as my mystic music spread from sea to galaxy  
it's inevitable, you can't stop me

try to carbon copy, but it always comes out sloppy  
you can't outrap me, you can't outrock me  
like the dreads on my head, you try and lock me  
down underground, but i bounce to the jungle

melodies, that flows like the breeze  
through the trees, like my forefathers  
command the wind and seas  
with my jungle music

unga, bunga, binga  
sound warrior, i'll take your head more than a rap singer  
enlightener, with the mitre  
make the forces of my nature smite ya

over the airwaves, powers are released  
holy music destroy the savage beast  
i'll beat the devil like a niyabini drummer  
beasts his drum, this beat will drum through the summer

try to hold us back with all the strength you can muster  
you'll hear a sound similar to the one custer  
heard before he got ambushed, you'll get ambushed

for taking this back to kush  
for too long you've abused it  
on the low used it, and called it jungle music

## JERU THE DAMAJA – STATIK LYRICS

electromagnetic beam i get charged  
rhymes i run right thru em like a big box of trojan large  
mc's tried to hang but its a brooklyn thang  
poison slang poison fang  
poison pen let me begin  
tryin to rhyme up in my cipher is gambilin  
freestylin me g i be buckwilin  
you cant even challenge a n-gg- in my position  
technician renditions more freaky than rick james  
fly like airplanes thru all it remain the same  
my cuts like freddy krueger  
dont need a german luger  
but shoot more sh-t than stern-ruger  
dirty rottens comin thru punks cling to their guns  
dont start none, there wont be none  
cuz ahh... f-ck around and it'll be tragic

chorus  
and i could rock a rhyme with just statik

devastating, i gotcha heart pulsating  
ool-age, you need aid, -j-c-l-ting  
rhymes like s-m-n, mc's is scheming  
tryin to bag me baby black you must be beemin...  
feenin, i dont know who gased ya head up  
im straight up, for less n-gg-s have got wet up  
im on a mission, scrambling my enemies transmission  
when he least expect it, run up in his h-q  
hi i.q., every verse is e-q ued  
sliver like a snake, still you cant elued  
the neba, but not caneza  
its the toucha, no gun or god can protect ya  
neither the scripture, choke like a boa constrictor  
this is my house and i'll evict ya  
big respect is automatic... black

chorus

i'll sn-tch up your girlfriend, her friend and their friends  
i got the game & fame shake out the condoms  
she's a victim, you shouldnt have that mouth dirty rotten  
and for the longest we knew you were plotten  
on the down fall, who stands tall, lick the b-ls

im not like that, so i smash out p-ssy walls  
on the low, oh no, on the high  
i get high, praise to the most high  
tried to battle me, step up & die  
like the arc of the covenant i electrify  
petrify, intelligence i glorify  
so devils are horrified  
sprayin like pecticide, con commit suicide  
step into my realm and be fried  
by the statik...